

But Still

by Ormspryde

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Summary: Cecil contemplates the things he's done...

But Still

> <meta name="Author"> But Still... I have never been so wide awake in my entire life. I am not new to insomnia; however, there seems to be something...different...about tonight. Perhaps it is this place. Looking about, I can certainly see why Robert was so desperate to escape this squalid little prison. I've seen little of it thus far, but already I long for freedom.

> Freedom. I suppose I gave that up when I put my plot into motion. I was captured by my own anger. And the results... <br> Humiliating. Foiled by a duo of snot-nosed scapegraces. And my own brother. He sided with them!

> I hear him up there, muttering in his sleep. I know I've hurt him, though he does not show it. Perhaps I should forgive him... <br> No! He was completely in the wrong! I shall never forgive him!

> But he was there for me when I was in that horrendous accident. And he's always come to my aid when I needed it. Perhaps... <br> Perhaps...I'm wrong?

> Ugh, a rat. Robert's little pet Machiavelli if I'm not mistaken. I rarely am. Am I? I seem to have made a mistake somewhere. <br> Hmph. Machiavelli. Really, it's almost ludicrous the way my brother attempts to remain civilized in here. But I suppose one becomes accustomed to things like that after ten years.

> Ten years. Has it really been that long? Once I loved my brother, yes. He and I were constant companions, though we bickered as siblings do. <br> What does revenge really matter? I cannot go back to what I was then.

> Can it be that I have moved on? <br> I am so lonely. Perhaps I should attempt to patch things up with Robert. No one else here is likely to tolerate me.

> But he's so *sensitive*. He acted so strangely when Mother and Father died. What if I've

> damaged our relationship beyond repair? <br> Mmph. Blasted prison beds. I could just as well have slept on the floor. Can't...seem to...

> Oh I give up. <br> Perhaps I should give up. Give up my quest for revenge. Perhaps...  
> No. I'll <em>never</em> give up. Not while the destroyer of my dreams still lives. My anger is all I have  
>left... <br> Is that \_Robert\_ I hear weeping? He's never...I...even when our parents died...  
> Trust...trust is such a fragile thing. I've completely lost my brother's. And he was always so slow <br>to trust anyone.  
> What have I done? <br> I have done no more than what needed to be done! I have set myself upon a course and \_never\_  
>shall I deviate from it. <br> I have heard it said that "time heals all wounds." Why, then, can I still feel the pain from that  
  
>fateful day... <br> I devoted my best efforts to obtaining that position! I deserved it! But Robert waltzed in there,  
>no preparation whatsoever, and... <br> I know what I must do.  
> But still, might it not have been terribly wrong to betray my own brother? To attempt to murder <br>him? Might I not have done my brother a worse wrong than he did me?  
> He did gain the role I'd pursued with all my heart. But still, it was Krusty who rejected me. <br>Robert did side against me. But still, it was \_I\_ who betrayed \_him\_.  
> I do still bear a grudge against him for his actions. <br> But still...

End  
file.